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CARNEGIE

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VOLUME VII PITTSBURGH, PA., NOVEMBER 1933 NUMBER 6



THE AMERICAN EIDER DUCK

GROUP PREPARED BY GUSTAVE A. LINK JR. AND JOHN E. LINK
GALLERY OF BIRDS, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

(See Page 180)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME VII NUMBER 6
NOVEMBER 1933

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

—P—

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From October to July. Every Saturday evening
at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at
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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—P—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, RABBI GOLDENSON!

Dr. Samuel H. Goldenson, who has been the rabbi of the Rodef Shalom Temple in Pittsburgh for fifteen years, has been called to the Temple Emanu-El in New York City, and will leave here soon after New Year's Day to take up his duties there. He stands at the very top of the spiritual and intellectual life of Pittsburgh, so much so, in fact, that he has broken down all denominational barriers by the simple exercise of the human love which fills his own soul. When a prominent Protestant clergyman died recently his family was requested to name a minister to deliver a eulogistic address, and the widow chose Dr. Goldenson for that service, all other churches uniting to listen to his eloquent tribute. All pulpits have been open to his preaching, Calvary Episcopal being the latest to announce a sermon by him. When asked to approve a universal and organized boycott against Germany, he said: "I cannot give my support to a measure which would bring suffering not only upon little Jewish children but upon little German children." His discourses touch art and letters in their farthest boundaries. His ministrations bring comfort to every race and every faith in the humanity of America. His departure will be a great loss to Pittsburgh but an inestimable gain to New York.

THE INCONSISTENT GHOST

Concerning the inconsistency of the Ghost in "Hamlet" and why the wraith is visible to Hamlet and the Guard but is unseen by the queen mother, Harvey Gaul, Pittsburgh's supreme master of arts, has this to say:

"There is no answer that we can see, except that Shakespeare wished to create a drama, and being a superb showman he was quite alive to the usage of apparitions. Inconsistent Hamlet's father's shadow may be, but it is good theater and it holds you."

GOOD WORDS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I read this magazine with great interest, and congratulate you on its character and the work that you are doing through it.

—LEON J. RICHARDSON

THE FINEST HERITAGE

If out of our good nature we wish to make wills to endow our children, and out of a larger generosity we wish to leave something to endow all mankind, we could, in my opinion, choose for our fellow men no finer heritage than that they should have, one and all, by the time they have reached fifty years, the resources of a rich culture to be the constant companion and solace of their advancing years.

—NEWTON D. BAKER



THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY IN THE DISTANCE

FOUNDER'S DAY 1933

AN audience representing Pittsburgh in everything—material and spiritual—was present in Music Hall. The trustees of the Carnegie Institute and several honored guests were on the platform. The decorations were superb—plants and flowers in abundance, and the flags of the eleven countries whose painters had contributed to the International Exhibition of Paintings, which was soon to be formally inaugurated. The prizes awarded to the winning pictures were to be announced for the information of a waiting world. The organ—rebuilt in so many essential details that it has become a new instrument—was to be played upon. The singers were in their places and ready to fill the air with music. And with the radio open the proceedings began.

PRESIDENT CHURCH: It is a great pleasure to welcome you to another Founder's Day—the thirty-sixth in the history of the Carnegie Institute. Through the courtesy of our radio friends the pro-

ceedings of the afternoon will be broadcast by KDKA, and to that unseen audience out in the world we extend our most cordial greetings.

Marshall Bidwell, our new organist, makes his first appearance upon a Founder's Day program today. The great instrument which has been used for these free organ recitals in the past years has been rebuilt and reconstructed until it is virtually a new organ, with increased power and beauty.

Mr. Bidwell then played the "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," at the conclusion of which the Reverend Dr. Louis H. Evans, minister of the Third Presbyterian Church, pronounced this invocation:

DR. EVANS: Almighty God, our hearts have deemed it fitting that within this institution erected to the wonders of nature, the beauties of song, the glory of art, and the works of man's hand we pause to invoke the blessing of Thy-

self Who art the Creator of all that the eye of man hath seen, his mind conceived, and his hand wrought.

Bless unto us the memory of him who found that the blessing of abundance lay in the privilege of sharing it with the world to grace all of life. May this work, this monument that his hands have wrought, tempt us to add soul to silver, pity to power, mercy to might, and love to the limbs of steel.

Thus giving we shall retain, forgetting self we shall be remembered, dying we shall live in the hearts and words of men. So may the Light of Thy Presence fall upon and make radiant this convocation, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

The quartette from the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, comprising Margaret Spaulding Stockdale, Mabel King, Will A. Rhodes Jr., and Raymond T. Griffin, with Earl Mitchell accompanying, then sang Tschaiakowsky's "Pilgrim's Song."

THE PRESIDENT: Some twenty-four years ago a wandering student, just graduated from Grove City College, found employment in the environs of Pittsburgh as a teacher in the high school at

Parnassus, and after a year spent in teaching the muses in that classic precinct, and a postgraduate course at Princeton, he moved upward into a world-wide Olympia of public service. He grew in knowledge and authority until we soon find him a counselor to the Government of Nicaragua upon its electoral franchise; and after that he was chosen as an adviser to the President of Chile in the very dangerous controversy with Peru over the Tacna and Arica boundary. He was not without honor in his own country, being called into almost constant conference on the problems of municipal government; and just recently he was chosen to prepare a budget for the State of New Jersey, which he did upon such sound principles of political economy that his work in that field has become a model worthy of study by all the States in the American Union. At last came this crowning honor, the presidency of Princeton University. Pittsburgh, a center of artistic culture and the home of industrial science, is noted throughout the country as a Princeton stronghold. The subject will be "Science and Politics," and I am very happy to introduce Dr. Harold Willis Dodds.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS

BY HAROLD WILLIS DODDS

President of Princeton University

I have selected as my topic today "Science and Politics." You may say that they have nothing in common, and you may be right, but I would remind you that politics makes strange bed-fellows, and its promiscuity may embrace even science.

While each decade seems to generate a crisis of its own in public affairs, at longer intervals disturbances of world proportions appear, upon which the very fate of nations depends. For gener-

ations history seems to ride a lazy horse along a well-marked, pleasant path. Suddenly the trail is lost, the terrain becomes broken and treacherous to the feet. Fear takes possession of the horse, and the rider knows not where to turn; he is torn between a determination to retrace his way to the familiar trail and the old landmarks, and a desire to press forward to a new road which will not betray him as the old one did.

We are at such a moment today.

Economic prosperity which promised a stream of golden riches is now seen to have been only the birth pangs of a new depression. Impelled by a great perplexity and taking our cue from the natural sciences, we are in a mood to experiment in the field of economics and government, as did the constitutional fathers in 1787. I trust that the event may prove that we have inherited some of their courage and discernment.

In less than one century the material world in which we live has been revolutionized by science and its handmaiden, invention. Occasionally, filled with a romantic sentiment toward the past which we know by hearsay only, we shift responsibility for our present discontents from ourselves to the modern machine, forgetting that the machine, properly employed, is not a slave master but a release from bondage and a giver of freedom.

Anyone who has lived among peoples still the victims of age-old systems of domestic industry will not indulge in glib condemnation of the machine age. The machine has multiplied man's power manyfold and stands ever ready to obey his will.

The difficulty is that as a society we have not been able to realize the full benefits of the machine or adjust our social relationships to the new physical environment which science has supplied.

The method of science, which has transformed the material side of life, is controlled experimentation. Its tech-

nique is observation of numerous cases with a skeptical and objective eye. Of all human inventions the scientific method stands in the first rank of service to mankind. It introduced the idea of systematic trial and error as a corrective to unaided observation and thought. If, says a leading scientist,

Galileo and a few like-minded men had been burned alive at an early age we might possibly still be living under a civilization not generally different from that of the Middle Ages.

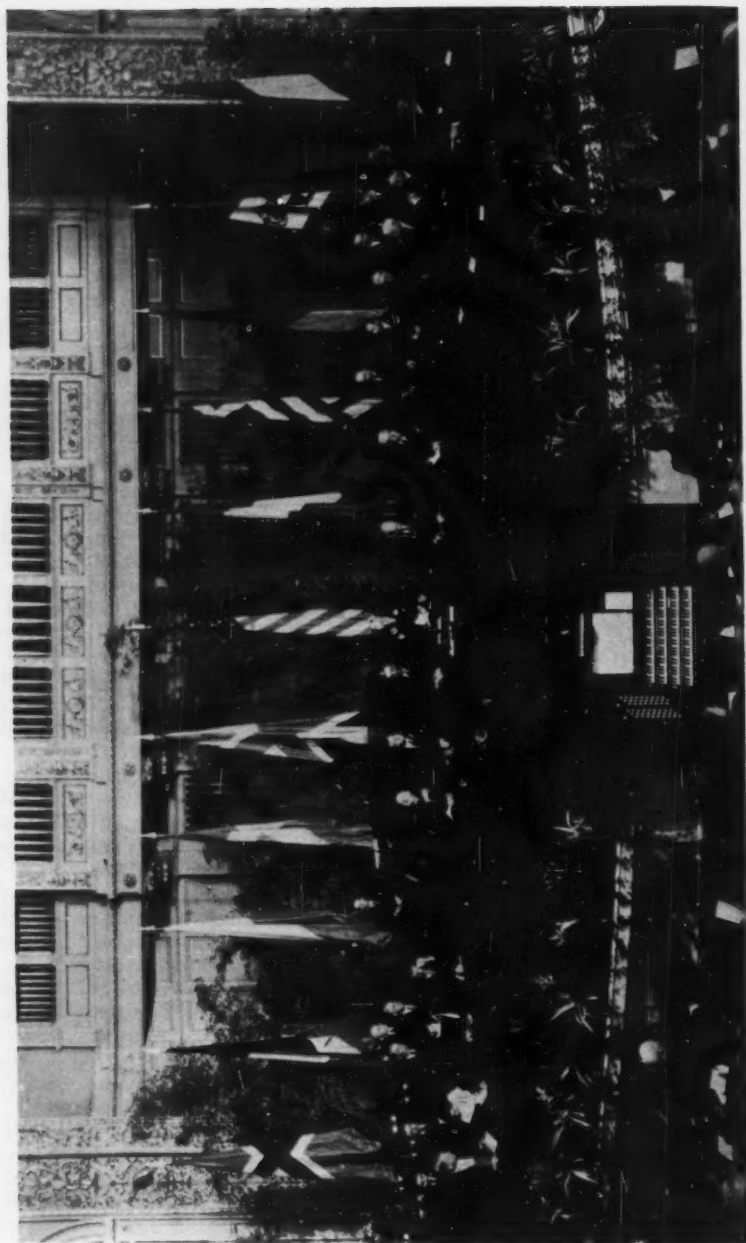
But when we seek to apply this method, so successful in physics and chemistry, to the so-called political and social sciences, peculiar difficulties emerge. In the first place, the objective disinterested approach can be attained only to a relative degree. Contending theories regarding the atom, or elaborate controversies as to whether the world is running down or

winding up arouse no emotion, except perhaps the joy of the chase for the closed guild of the scientists working particular hypotheses involved. But let anyone propose in the name of science to abolish the family in favor of State parenthood or to deprive us of our private property against our will, and he strikes right home to where we live.

In the second place, any person setting forth on a scientific examination of society finds experimentation under controlled laboratory conditions—the essence of the scientific technique—possible only in the slightest and most



HAROLD WILLIS DODDS



FOUNDER'S DAY PLATFORM, CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL

fugitive manner. Science is not interested in individuals. No conclusion can be scientific that rests upon a single event. To be scientific it must come from repeated experiment under controlled conditions. But in the study of economics or politics it is impossible to isolate forces for appraisal as to their strength and importance. For example, each generation appears to have available for study not more than one great depression. Observations of the history of past depressions lead to treacherous conclusions, because new elements have appeared as new forces which defy segregation or physical measurement. We cannot produce scores of depressions in a laboratory day after day under all possible conditions in order to study their cause and cure.

Please remember that I am distinguishing here between the scientific attitude toward public affairs and the scientific technique borrowed from the physical sciences. For the scientific attitude I have every respect. For the study of economics and politics the objective, self-critical intellect of the true scientist is indispensable: that type of mind whose outstanding characteristic is an abiding curiosity and flexibility to new evidence. But in the field of public affairs too much reliance upon imitating the technique of science may lead to unfortunate consequences, and to claims of scientific conclusions which are not truly scientific.

The human race is frequently reproached for its readiness to accept without question the newest in physical science while rejecting even the most timid suggestions for social and political readjustment. Too often, as I have intimated, such suggestions masquerade in the clothing of science, with little claim to be called scientific, for the reason that they have not withstood the painstaking and repeated testings which characterize the findings of real science. Therefore the instinct which prevents the man in the street from adopting too quickly a so-called scientific solution of our present discontents

is not unreasonable. The truth is that scientific research returns no clear answer to disputed questions such as the gold standard versus inflation, the advantages of nationalism versus internationalism, or the stupendous puzzle of the business cycle.

What I have said is not in disparagement of the scientific study of social forces. Its emphasis upon objective thinking is excellent. The data it collects and arranges in orderly manner have increased vastly our knowledge about ourselves, and knowledge is power. But candor compels me to assert that, whatever its ultimate possibilities, our social sciences are still in their infancy, and vast improvement must occur in our technique before our results can enjoy the validity of the findings of our brethren in the field of physical laws. To take one example, efforts as yet to measure statistically the forces of public opinion in politics have given no reliable results beyond what a ward boss could have revealed in an hour's conversation.

What I have said, I repeat, is not in disparagement of a scientific attack upon our public problems. On the contrary, what is more to be commended than a truly scientific spirit which rejects emotionalism and rests upon accurate observation of all possible facts? What I wish to emphasize is the complex and elusive nature of man. Man is a creator as well as a product of his environment. No contributions of science have reduced the value of the tolerant, sympathetic mind, the flashes of lightning intellect which illuminate the dark moments and set one's feet on the right path again. Social data arranged in neat statistical tables serve good purposes but supply no substitute for great minds of penetrating intuitive power.

The constant temptation confronting the scientific approach is the tendency to belittle the part which personality plays in human events. Irrespective of contending opinions regarding the character of the universe, immediate cause and

effect appear to scientists as blind forces unconnected with any will. Social sciences have sometimes felt the influence of this attitude to an exaggerated degree. Thus, for example, a method of studying history which rests its conclusions upon a minute examination of a great quantity of trivial facts, after the manner of science, may easily minimize the innate power of the individual. The assertion of Marshal Foch that it was not an army that crossed the Alps; it was Hannibal, contains a cardinal truth. "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul" may not make due allowance for the factors of heredity and environment as revealed by modern biology; but it finds a response in us because something seems to tell us that we do have within ourselves a power of direction over ourselves.

An unfortunate by-product of a too abject surrender to science in thinking about human affairs is the development of a negative attitude toward the possibility of human progress through conscious effort. If man is a mere puppet of nature, why trouble one's self about reform movements or social betterment? They signify nothing if man's behavior is purely naturalistic. The tendency to project the curve, as it were, of truth demonstrable in a laboratory into the philosopher's world of the unknown, and to plump for materialism, is natural but unfortunate. Until the case is proven against me, I decline to consider myself the prey of drifting forces which the race can never harness or understand.

While materialism was a dominant note of nineteenth-century science, today learned men are divided on the old subject of determinism versus free will, unable to agree on the interpretation of the evidence which they have assembled. The man in the street may therefore be pardoned if he suspends judgment while science further pioneers into the unknown and perhaps unknowable. Until more convincing proof is submitted to support current deterministic notions about the destiny of man, any

belief that what appears to be a human personality is really a resultant of mechanical forces, remains a supreme act of faith not unlike the worship of idols. Such an attitude of mind is partially responsible for a decreasing belief in democracy and the fascist dogma that the people are a mob to be subjected to the will of a few clever men.

I concede that the advance of scientific discovery tends to destroy man's self-complacency, and properly so. Psychology made a great contribution to political science and economics by revealing the irrational elements in our conduct. Any successful politician knew all along that many of our strongest motives were impulsive rather than reasoned, but reformers and philosophers were slow to learn the fact. Once we understand the part that irrational impulses play in our daily behavior we can begin to evaluate them properly, to direct them into more civilized channels, and to provide social systems which will make due allowance for them.

How deeply science can eventually pierce that unknown region which we term the kingdom of the spirit remains to be seen. It seems clear that any satisfactory attack must await some great new discovery in method, some new invention which makes available to us the data of a world now hidden from us, as the microscope disclosed entirely unknown forms of life. And when that invention comes I predict that man will be recognized as possessing creative capacities as yet undreamed of.

The American people are now embarked upon a broad search for a way to business recovery. Our President admits that his administration is experimenting. Thoroughly frightened, we have turned to experimentation as a solvent for our economic difficulties. While we shall probably never know just what parts of the experiment succeeded and what parts failed, even moderate success will justify our willingness to experiment and will set the trend of our political development for the next fifty years.

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Although not a single word of our Constitution may be altered, we are probably at the beginning of sweeping changes in the underlying character of our government. Industry is being called into partnership with government. To it are being delegated decisions and authority heretofore reserved to government. In this process popular government will be tested to the utmost. It will have to organize itself for action which is at once swift and comprehensive. Whether the infinitely delicate balance which is necessary between authority empowered to act with decision and popular responsibility under democratic control can be maintained is still to be demonstrated. I believe it can be maintained. America's tradition of extreme democracy in political matters, which in practical operation has left much to be desired, will protect us in the crisis. But if my judgment is correct, we shall see a great expansion in the field of action of the statesman. In future our statesmen will not be confined to what is now called political life. Organized industry sharing responsibility with government will demand leaders of high statesmanship. The nation will require a vast array of expert, scientific services, but the great problems of national policy, of adjustment of competing social and economic interests, cannot be solved by the intellectual equipment of the expert alone. In these troublesome times we must not underestimate the significance of great personalities. Issues fixing the destiny of the race crystallize about leaders. Our democracy will succeed or fail in proportion to its ability to develop and follow competent leaders. And leadership is an attribute of personality which science has not, as yet, been able to produce.

At the conclusion of Dr. Dodd's address the President announced the award of prizes as follows:

First Prize of \$1,500 to André Dunoyer de Segonzac, French, for his painting entitled "St. Tropez."

Second Prize of \$1,000 to John Stewart Curry, American, for his painting entitled "The Tornado."

Third Prize of \$500 to Henry Varnum Poor, American, for his painting entitled "March Sun."

Four Honorable Mentions—to Mariano Andreu, Spanish, for his painting entitled "Harlequin"; to Alexander J. Kostellow, American, for his painting entitled "After Dinner"; to José Gutierrez Solana, Spanish, for his painting entitled "Procession"; and to Stanley Spencer, British, for his painting entitled "Sara Tubb and the Heavenly Visitors."

Allegheny County Garden Club Prize of \$300 to Max Peiffer-Watenphul, German, for his painting entitled "Still Life with Flowers."

ORGAN RECITALS

[As a part of the Saturday evening programs, special guest groups from time to time will assist the organist, Marshall Bidwell.]

NOVEMBER

25—Carnegie Institute of Technology Orchestra, directed by J. Vick O'Brien.

DECEMBER

16—Peabody High School A-Cappella Choir, directed by Florence L. Shute.

CHARACTER BEHIND THE STATUTES

Republics abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city, that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living and employments of the population, that commerce, education, and religion may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand which perishes in the twisting; that the State must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen; the strongest usurper is quickly got rid of; and they only who build on ideas build for eternity; and that the form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it. The law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious, and esteem the statute somewhat; so much life as it has in the character of living men is its force.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CRITIC AT THE INTERNATIONAL

BY MARY MORSELL

Editor of the Art News

[Last month we presented an analytical study of the current International by its director, Homer Saint-Gaudens. He wrote from the point of view of those who organized the collection of paintings, and who concerned themselves with the means by which the result was obtained. For this month we have sought one who could speak for the public who visit the galleries, for those who are interested in the end—that is, the actual outcome of the endeavor to assemble a cross section of contemporary international painting. In Miss Morsell we have a young and discriminating writer who tilts at no artistic windmills, but who seeks to give a reasoned review of what she found before her on the walls. Miss Morsell has kindly permitted us to reprint her comprehensive discussion in an abbreviated form.]



THE return of the Carnegie International to this year's exhibition program will be widely welcomed for it represents, as does no other large show, a dispassionate presentation of contemporary tendencies in art.

Save in the French section, where the Salon painters enjoy strange privileges, the show provides a stimulating survey of both the artistic virtues and shortcomings of all the eleven nations that have been included. However, the actual leadership of the School of Paris has been gallantly acknowledged by the award of the First Prize to Segonzac's fine landscape. Like all of the artist's work, its beauty is deeply dependent upon the organic interplay of form and color, so that it can scarcely be judged save in the original. But Segonzac's subtle and deep-toned harmonies are in the great mood of modern painting and we rejoice that America has given him official honors in addition to the many that he has already received in his native land.

As to the more general aspects of the International, one realizes afresh after the lapse of a year that its very eclecticism is a healthy and enlightening influence. The Museum of Modern Art and other kindred organizations have accomplished wonderful work, but their

exhibitions are rather like parties where one is always sure of meeting brilliant and sophisticated guests of the correct esthetic nationality. The Carnegie, on the other hand, resembles a large reception with an inevitable percentage of dull people, but where healthy contact with a great variety of temperaments often opens up surprising vistas.

The American section provides a very complete survey of almost every phase of our art, ranging from blind adoration of the School of Paris to pure naïveté. In the French galleries, where the great present-day leaders are forced into close proximity with the conventional output of the salons, one rejects a great deal of the material and thinks instead of the brilliant galaxy of both the younger and older masters which appears before us continually in New York. The German rooms, on the other hand, constitute a brilliant resumé of the work of various uncompromising individualists who have been working out their destinies during the past ten or fifteen years under the leadership of such progressives as Pechstein and Schmidt-Rottluff. An undeniable strength and vitality has been achieved.

English painting is well set forth, ranging from the distinctively tailored compositions of Laura Knight and Dod Procter down to the casual little canvases of Sickert, Paul Nash, and other artists who have so much more to say. The struggle to attain native expression against the strong force of French influence is felt keenly in the Spanish

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galleries, where Solana and Zubiaurre resolutely draw their inspiration from their own soil while other charming but derivative colorists and designers submit to Gallic fashions. With Chirico missing from the Italian rooms, the well-mannered modernism of the various artists represented seems lacking in savor. Classical influences and discreet color reign supreme, untempered by any really pungent accents.

Scandinavia and Belgium, each with a few interesting painters, are done full justice, while the Dutch group is also well selected. The galleries of Polish work reveal that the artists of this nation have yet to find a personal, rather than a purely decorative or anecdotal expression.

In the brilliant roster of carefully selected American works, there are but few omissions of moment and the balance between the conservative and the modern school is well maintained.

First surveyed on a bright autumn morning, when the mind and the eye respond freshly and optimistically to that earnestness of purpose and high degree of technical accomplishment characteristic of so many of our painters, American art seems to be in quite a happy state. But the following day, after several rounds of the galleries, one's enthusiasm is tempered by certain inner yearnings that are hard to dismiss. Already satisfied by so much that is good and courageous and adventurous, one begins to seek paintings that either have some deep and simple message or speak with an inevitable intensity of feeling. There are few such paintings in the Carnegie International. But perhaps we are asking too much. Our criticism is merely uttered because the display clearly demonstrates that American art has now reached a stage in its development where search for the deeper values



TRAGIC MUSE

By ALEXANDER BROOK (American)

Brook has a grasp of the dramatic expressed through skill in the use of color and design.



GIRL OF THE CIRCUS

By GIOVANNI ROMAGNOLI (Italian)

Romagnoli has an understanding of preciousity in the finest sense of the word.

is the next step forward. And with so many highly talented painters in our midst, visions of still greater potentialities are not empty dreams.

In awarding the Second Prize to John Steuart Curry's "Tornado," the Jury of Award appears to have been motivated by a praiseworthy desire to encourage interpretations of our own scene. Unfortunately, however, we found more of turbulence than of inner significance in Mr. Curry's dramatic rendering of a Kansas family fleeing to shelter. There is more of the essence of America in Burchfield's sinister "Creek Bank"; in John Kane's naïve tribute to industrialism, in which the busy tug boats and factories are painted as lovingly as the green hills that soften them; or in Grant Wood's brilliantly satiric "Daughters of Revolution."

Concerning Henry Varnum Poor's "March Sun" we are glad to make happier reports. Large and quiet in its design and exquisitely modulated in color, it brings fresh recognition to an artist who has long been an amazing creator in the field of ceramics. . . .



CONTEMPORARY CONVERSATION

By LUIGI LUCIONI (American)

Lucioni believes in Ingres-like drawing. He is absorbed by the effect that can be created by the accumulation of details.

Pittsburghers will undoubtedly be especially pleased by the Honorable Mention which went to a fellow citizen, Alexander Kostellow, for his "After Dinner." This painting is so well composed and so sensitive in draftsman-ship that it is hard to find fault with it. Somehow, however, the inherent emotion of the scene has escaped the artist.

Among the non-prize-winning canvases Arnold Friedman's "February" met a severe test after a long and arduous day. Suddenly we stood before a little scene in which the tiers of the snowy hills were delicately outlined in olive green and a solitary figure winged its way down the frozen river under the sunset sky. All at once the tiredness left us; it seemed as if a great window had been opened and the cool night air were rushing in. Canvases that come as such a benediction to a jaded critic certainly deserve some honor. . . .

Other vital trends in American painting appear in such works as Alexander Brook's "Tragic Muse," a moving figure; in Boris Deutsch's somber but powerful "Indian Girl"; in Morris Kantor's "Winter Evening"; and in McFee's studio interior. Karfiol in his "Girl in Red Pants" attains brilliant charm of color and design, while vivacious mastery of line appears strikingly in Reginald Marsh's scene at Coney Island and in Henry G. Keller's storm-frightened animals.

The still lifes in the Exhibition range from Lucioni's miraculously textured tombstone to the late departed "Arts" to the enigmatic suggestion of Georgia O'Keeffe's "Horse's Skull and Pink Rose," which aroused some consternation in New York art circles last winter. Kuniyoshi, a law unto himself, contributes the delightful "Japanese Toy Tiger and Odd Objects," while Max Weber, though speaking with a French accent, acquits himself superbly in a finely orchestrated composition.

The "immaculate school" in American painting, in which Charles Sheeler was one of the forerunners, is also represented. Konrad Cramer's "A Door-



CONVERSATION PIECE AT AINTREE

By W. RICHARD SICKERT (British)

Sickert paints for that section of English society which regards its art from the most intellectual viewpoint possible.

way" has inner reserves of beauty and distinction in its simple design and cool puritanical colors. Sheeler's "New-haven," although less fine than some of his earlier work, is also interesting. Niles Spencer's "Near Avenue A," which seems extremely thin at close range, gains a curious depth when seen at a distance. . . .

Many of the so-called American modernists could, however, learn valuable lessons from studying the little Gari Melchers which hangs in a corner of one of the galleries with a memorial palm below it indicating his death last year. . . .

In the French section one finds an atmosphere that is curiously reminiscent of the strange contrasts in France itself. In Paris one duly realizes that behind the rue de Rivoli there are miles and miles of suburbs, where the bourgeois traditions are minutely observed. The many works of the Salon painters seem to represent these suburbs, which stretch away from the brilliant intellectuality and experiment of the great school of modern French painting as it is known throughout the world today.

However, when one recovers from

the first shock of seeing Picasso's austere Greek lady consorting with Domergue's suggestively draped Diana, of finding Segonzac's earth-drawn melodies companioning the cheerful banalities of Roussel's "Spring," the worst is over. Save for such Salon paintings as momentarily overpower one by sheer size, the eye is drawn immediately by those masters who are the genuine torch bearers of the French tradition. . . .

The two Matisse's, though of characteristic brilliance, are unfortunately not representative of the artist's most important recent work. The "Dancer with Tambourine" lacks the brilliant audacities of line and color which astound us by their ultimate rightness in the great odalisques of his later period. In the little "Pianist and Still Life," however, one again feels with what mastery Matisse uses color and line to serve the ultimate subtleties of his expression. Of the lesser masters Utrillo is seen in a large painting of "Notre Dame," almost overpoweringly architectural, but charming in the smaller details. With the memory of the marvelous Bonnards now on view at the Museum of Modern Art fresh in one's memory, the two small color tapestries by this master in the Carnegie show are not very exciting. . . .

The French galleries, however, lack any representation of Braque, Leger, Bérard, De la Fresnaye, Pierre Roy, Gromaire, Jean Hugo, Roland Oudot, and Fautrier. A few of these, we realize, have been shown at previous Internationals, and hence may have been left out on the theory of rotation which motivates selections from year to year. Nevertheless the younger School of Paris men are certainly given an inadequate showing.

Despite the somberness of his color, the three canvases by Solana certainly present the most positive and arresting talent in the Spanish room. Though his compositions tend to be overcrowded, they are no stylish echoes of the School of Paris but are deeply rooted in the soil of his native land. Andreu,

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whose macabre "Harlequin" was awarded a somewhat illogical Honorable Mention, is an extremely skilled and sophisticated colorist who is seen to better advantage in "Harvest of Grapes" than in the prize winner, but his art is artificial and adroit, rather than important. . . .

Although Klee, Campendonck, Ernst, and Beckman are missing from the German gallery, it is none the less one of the most stimulating parts of the Exhibition. The stubborn insistence of most of this nation's artists against yielding to French influence gives the room a distinct racial unity, mitigated here and there by such influences as the delicate impressionism of Liebermann and the Gallic gayety of the flower composition by Peiffer-Watenphul, which won the Allegheny Garden Club Prize. Many of the artists like Schmidt-Rottluff and Pechstein are seen in works that are powerful vindications of their apparent brutalities and heaviness of style of only a decade or so ago.

Kokoschka's mordant but powerful "Portrait of Gitta," with its strange harmonies of blue, green, and purple, seems to haunt one and follow one around the gallery. . . . Perhaps as a reaction from the general tendency to boldly expressive technique in modern German painting, there are a few artists such as Lenk, Schrimpf, and Lux, who go in for almost miniaturelike purity of line and color. Of these, Lenk's landscape with willows is by far the finest example.

Although there are some strange contrasts in the British galleries, these divergencies are all an integral part of the nation's art rather than an undue stressing of values, as occurs in the French section. Stanley Spencer, who has carried off an Honorable Mention with his "Sara Tubb and the Heavenly Visitors," is something of a naughty boy in English art, and, although he is reputed to be among the last of the pre-Raphaelites, we can see little more in his prize-winning picture than a lit-



SNOW-COVERED VILLAGE

By KARL SCHMIDT-ROTLUFF (German)

Schmidt-Rottluff represents those who believe in the adventure of art, who arouse an emotional response by artistic violence. Charm has no place in their philosophy.

erary mysticism couched in modern baroque style.

The more stolid forms of English art appear in full regalia in Augustus John's large, official portrait of Viscount d'Abernon with magnificent rose satin cape, while Gerald Kelly's large full-length of Miss Anna Cristine Thompson in eighteenth-century costume hangs directly opposite the viscount. In Glyn Philpot's "Man and the Fates," one sees the English gone symbolical in a big way with a blue Pegasus and three mummylike Fates, which seem rather unintentionally humorous, dominating the composition. In fact, our favorites in the British galleries were found among the rather unpretentious items. Sickert is casually brilliant in his sketchy portrayal of the crowd awaiting Miss Earhart's arrival, and his "Conversation Piece at Aintree" has the same careless rightness of accent and line. There is real imagination in Paul Nash's "The Steps," while John Nash's "Colchester Dock" has unmannered charm. Dame Laura Knight is represented by two typical works, a portrait of George Bernard Shaw and "Spring in St. Johns Wood," while Dod Procter's "Little Sister" has an attenuated purity of line and color. Brockhurst in his two beautifully painted portraits, which are almost reminiscent of some old master in their darkly glowing color, seems quite independent of current influences.

Among the Scandinavian offerings there are a few things which should



DANCER WITH TAMBOURINE

By HENRI-MATISSE (French)

Henri-Matisse is a master of pattern and a creator of brilliant effects achieved in carefully constructed color.

not be missed, chief among them being "Fox in Snow" of Liljefors, which has almost the delicacy of brush stroke of some of the Chinese masters. Although a work that is distinctly out of the modern trend, it holds one spellbound by its beauty of craftsmanship. The insect piece of Per Krohg, although less brilliant than some of his other works, also commands attention.

In the Italian galleries one is somewhat depressed by a rather general uniformity of technique and color which seems to derive primarily from classical

sources. Felice Carena has the most distinctive personality in the group, although such an artist as Romagnoli attracts attention by his great skill in the use of white.

The Dutch group, dominated in the purely physical sense by Van Konynenburg's "Triptych: Earth, Heaven, Sea," which has a brilliance that is almost purely of the surface, finds more charming representatives in such works as Henri Van de Velde's "Italian Farm near Florence," and in Jan Sluyters' handsome "Still Life with Nude," which is far superior to his flower piece.

In the Belgian room one finds three interesting landscapes by Saverys; a large snow scene by Saedeleer, with almost miniaturelike detail under the vast gray sky; and the brooding "Salon Bourgeois" of James Ensor.

Gay color, meticulous draftsmanship, or picturesque description appear to be the dominant trends in Polish art.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



JASON, what I most like to do in our walks and talks through the Garden is to contrast our American habits and customs as we find them here with systems which you describe to me from the civilization of ancient Greece. You had poets, painters, sculptors, dramatists, and statesmen whose works have come down to us and are the models of form in America today. Won't you tell me something of your system of discipline by which Greek boys were trained to do these imperishable things when they grew to be men?"

"Penelope, you mean their studies?"

"No, you have told me their studies before—grammar, logic, and rhetoric—astronomy, geometry, arithmetic, and music. Our American boys have these studies, but they sometimes fail to reach the high achievements of the Greeks. Was there any essential thing in your training as children which we omit and which might account for this loss in their mature performance?"

"I am not conscious, Penelope, of any real difference. Children are children through all the centuries. But our Greek boys were kept at work—hard at work—until they were eighteen, when they became men and took up their life tasks. They were made to love their studies, and modesty was the first requirement of our boys. Xenophon tells you of the young Autolycus who won a prize at school, and then by way of further reward was taken by his father to dinner at a friend's house. The host greeted the boy with compliments, and said that he supposed the prize was his proudest possession. But the boy blushed and said, no, he was not thinking of the prize; and when pressed by all to say what he was most proud of, he announced, 'It is my father.' Perhaps that shows us that there was something in the family life of the Greeks that gave our boys a spirit of

emulation which impelled them to equal or even surpass the things that were accomplished by their fathers."

Penelope meditated on this for a long moment, then said: "Your boys did not have the distractions of our scientific age. Perhaps their modesty and their reverence for their elders is not wholly absent from the youth of our land. I hope not. But do you believe, Jason, that there is in America today the same desire to achieve a cultural advancement through great and persistent effort that there was in your old-time Greece?"

"Yes, Penelope, it is even stronger in America than it was with us, because your young men are the heirs of all the ages. While we had to create the works you speak of, you have the advantage of our studies to begin with in reaching your own creations. And then you carry them on to triumphs which the simpler life of Greece never dreamed of. Have no fear for America, Penelope."

GOLDEN FRUITAGE

While Jason and Penelope spend their moments of leisure in comparing Grecian civilization with American life today, the fruitage of their Garden seems ever inexhaustible.



THEODORE AHRENS

of the Theodore Ahrens Professorship of Plumbing, Heating, and Ventilating, which takes its name from the

For the ninth successive time we are able to record a gift from the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company of Pittsburgh to the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The sum of \$2,500 has been received for the furtherance

chairman of the board of this nationally renowned company. Tech was the first school in existence to see the necessity of creating a special course in these kindred fields of study, and it is due to Mr. Ahrens' vision in large measure that the idea has prospered.

On Founder's Day a letter was received from a lady residing in Washington inclosing a check for \$100 for use in the Carnegie Library, but asking that her name be not disclosed. She said: "Again the newspapers tell us that you are celebrating Founder's Day

at the Institute. It is a beautiful custom and a fine example for your young people and for the country at large. Mr. Carnegie's own capacity for gratitude was unbounded—he was never satisfied unless he had made return a thousand fold for every kindness, for every service, real or imaginary. Nothing could have touched him more than the continued devotion of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh to his memory."

These newest contributions bring the gifts recorded in the Magazine since its inauguration to \$1,040,314.82.

THE "LITTLE MASTERS"

An Exhibition of Sixteenth-Century Engravings

DURING the latter years of Albrecht Dürer's life and for more than two decades following his death in 1528 the art of engraving was practiced in various centers of Germany by a number of proficient men whom it is customary to consider together, as if they were the members of a group, or school, and to call, because of the small dimensions of most of their plates, the "Little Masters." Usually they worked on a small scale, engraving tiny compositions with truth and skill on plates seldom more than five or six inches square, and many of them are almost faultless in execution.

The men who properly belonged in this group of engravers were Albrecht Altdorfer, of Ratisbon; Georg Pencz and the brothers, Barthel and Hans Sebald Beham, of Nuremberg; Heinrich Aldegrever, of Soest; Jacob Binck, of Cologne; Hans Brosamer, of Fuld, and an anonymous engraver who signed his plates with the initials I. B.

In point of fact, the "Little Masters" formed no strict group, but they had this in common: they were all inspired in a greater or less degree by the example of Dürer. Added to this, they undertook to combine the principal features of the schools of Italy and the

northern countries, the grace of the one with the exactitude of the other.

Like most of the early engravers of Germany, the "Little Masters" were also painters. As engravers, their works are varied in character, representing allegorical figures of virtues and vices, scenes of conviviality and merrymaking, village fairs, landscapes, Bible stories, religious, classical, and mythological subjects, and portraits. In addition, they gave particular attention to ornament, and their small prints of ornamental design rank as the most original and charming which engraving has produced in Germany since Dürer's day.

The tradition of the "Little Masters" was continued by the engravers, Virgil Solis, Theodore de Bry, and others. These artists, however, did not limit themselves to the smallness that made the title of the earlier group a significant and appropriate one.

Many of the prints shown in the exhibition are taken from the Carnegie Institute collection, others come from private collections, but it is the generous loan contribution of M. Knoedler and Company which has made the representation an adequate one. The prints will remain in the balcony over the Hall of Sculpture until December 10.

MR. KENYON VINDICATES THE GHOST

*The Head of the Carnegie School of Drama Surmises Why
King Hamlet's Spirit Did Not Reveal Himself to the Queen of Denmark*

IN the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for October the Editor advanced a "baffling problem" which had met him in his study of "Hamlet" to this effect: Why is it that in Hamlet's interview with his mother Queen Gertrude can neither see nor hear her husband, although his previous visits to this earth had been visible to the guards on the castle walls? The Editor listed some twenty commentators who had never observed this seemingly irreconcilable inconsistency in the tragedy. In describing what appeared to be a specific lapse of continuity on Shakespeare's part, the Editor was well aware of the habit of the bard to disregard time, geography, and history whenever they interposed the obstacles of hard fact against the demands of his dramatic situations. The use of gunpowder out of its time and the location of Bohemia on the seacoast are two of a hundred anachronisms which any careful reader of Shakespeare's works could note in a brief study of the plays.

While our twenty commentators had made no reference to the point at issue, it remained for Mr. Kenyon to turn carelessly in his swivel chair and find in his office edition of Shakespeare an immediate comment on the subject. We do not altogether agree with his conclusion that the Ghost in "Hamlet" was privileged to reveal or obscure himself at will as did the Ghost in "Macbeth." In the latter case the murdered Banquo was clearly a figment of Macbeth's guilty brain and was not seen by anyone else at the banquet; while in "Hamlet" the Ghost is a character in the play, giving the plot its whole existence, appearing frequently and taking a speaking part which is even beyond the significance of young Hamlet himself. But Mr. Kenyon has written a charming essay, packed with interest

and scholarship, and here it is for the enjoyment of our readers:

What surprised me in your very interesting presentation of an inconsistency in "Hamlet" is the statement that a whole line of critics had not noticed that the Ghost is seen by the soldiers in the early scenes and is invisible to the Queen in Act III, Scene 4. My impression is that the fact has been generally noticed, but not having the leisure to investigate, I simply reached for my school text, the Arden Shakespeare, and read this note: "At his previous apparition the Ghost was visible to all those present, now he only allows himself to be seen by Hamlet, just as the Ghost in 'Macbeth' appears to the King only."

When you ask, however, why this inconsistency occurs, you are as well aware as are the other Shakespeareans, that there are many inconsistencies in the texts of Shakespeare. Hamlet's age, for instance, is not any too certain. At one point he seems to be thirty; at another his love is just "a violet in the youth of primy nature" as though he were not old enough to know his own mind. Hamlet says that he has "been in continual practice since he (Laertes) went into France"; yet the Queen watching Hamlet dueling opines that "he's fat and scant of breath." The first three acts of "As You Like It" set up a Forest of Arden somewhat more idyllic than Schenley Park, and yet in the fourth act a lioness goes berserker in "the woods" which the Duke, I believe, had foolishly lauded as "more free from peril than the envious court." The point is that the lioness had saved Shakespeare's plot. When three months accorded to Shylock expire before Bassanio can have been more than a few

days at Belmont for which he left the day the bond was signed, the point again is that Shakespeare simply wanted a sudden confrontation of the lovers with Shylock's demand and did not much care about Ben Jonson's insistence on realism.

Whenever good theater or his own idea of dramatic art suggested a particular effect, he apparently thought it just too bad for the realists and shrugged his shoulders, much as J. M. Barrie would have done had he heard a student of mine reject the scene on the island in "The Admirable Crichton" because no storage batteries had been provided.

But realism aside and the whole spirit of the Elizabethan theater considered, was there inconsistency to the Elizabethan audience in Shakespeare's treatment of the visibility and invisibility of the Ghost? It was without doubt a uniquely imaginative audience. Though the sun might be shining right down on the stage, all an actor needed to say was, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps!" and the audience saw the moon. When the stage directions tell us that the characters came in with torches, the audience in the broad daylight about them knew it was night. When Banquo and his servant went off with torches and Macbeth remained alone, the audience knew it was pitch dark, though actually it was midafternoon. When Macbeth saw the ghost of Banquo, and Shakespeare suggested that none of the others did, somehow the audience followed the suggestion.

They apparently were equally responsive to Shakespeare's suggestion that when the Ghost appears in Queen Gertrude's room, she did not see it. And does not Shakespeare also suggest why his art, and not realism, could not permit the Ghost to be seen by the Queen? The Ghost had first appeared to Hamlet, because it was concerned with the rottenness of Denmark, and with the jeopardy of being doomed to suffer in purgatory unless the crime were avenged in justice. But Hamlet was not to contrive against his mother—

simply leave her to Heaven and self-generated remorse. For the Ghost to go back on that injunction and itself appear to be seen by her to strike terror in her soul would have been an inconsistency of a genuinely profound nature. The Ghost still loves her, or what do the lines, "But, look, amazement on thy mother sits," mean?

The Ghost came, as Shakespeare told his audience, merely to whet Hamlet's almost blunted purpose, lapsed in time and passion. And the artistic purpose of the scene is partly to half confirm the Queen in a belief in Hamlet's madness when he can speak so to what she thinks the coinage of his brain. This effect Shakespeare obviously achieved and he merely said to his audience as plainly as he could, "Now you must imagine that the Ghost is seen only by Hamlet, for I am having the Queen tell you so. Before, I went to great lengths writing two scenes in which the Ghost was seen even by unlettered men on guard duty; but at that part of the play, I had another effect in mind. Now I am not concerned with the Queen's possible reaction to seeing the Ghost, the reality of the Ghost I have already established; I am concentrating on the momentary impression on Hamlet to make still more emphatic his persistence in escaping from the duty laid upon him by the Ghost."

I wonder whether Arthur Hopkins would agree with you that he did not retain the Ghost in the John Barrymore production. As I remember it, the voice came from a weird, uncanny stream of white light. It was meant to be a presence, and in these days of the photoelectric cell and the marvel of the electrical robot, it is a nice question, it seems to me, as to whether a Ghost for a modern audience is more imaginatively realizable through the illusion of light than through a visible flesh-and-blood actor—especially when we start with the concession to Edison in electrically lighting a Shakespearean stage that, if we are to be pedants, should depend only on the sun.

THE AMERICAN EIDER DUCK

A New Bird Group from the North Country

By W. E. CLYDE TODD

Curator of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum

WHETHER or not it be true, as some geologists believe, that we are living in the backwash of the glacial period or great ice age, there can be no doubt that the catastrophic changes induced during that period of the earth's history have left their impress on the life of the northern continents. Some animals, characteristic of arctic America, forced far to the southward by the advance of the ice and thus severed from their Old World connections, have developed in the course of time characters of their own, whereby they may now be distinguished from their relatives on the other side of the Atlantic. To such a class do the eider ducks belong. As a group they are distinctively boreal, even arctic, in their range and affinities, with no near relatives whatever in temperate and tropical regions. Leaving the Pacific eider and king eider—believed to be distinct species—out of further account and considering only the true or typical eiders, we find them split up into three principal geographical races or subspecies, readily told by certain differences in the feathering at the base of the bill. These differences, along with others of a minor nature, are obvious in both sexes, although more conspicuous in the male. The three races are respectively the European eider, the northern eider, and the American eider.

The American eider—*Somateria mollissima dresseri*—portrayed in the new habitat group in the Gallery of Birds, like its near relatives, is exclusively marine in its predilections, inhabiting as it does the coasts of the North Atlantic from Labrador (Hamilton Inlet) south to Maine, and also both coasts of Hudson Bay. Once a common bird on the eastern coast of Labrador and

Newfoundland, it has been so ruthlessly persecuted by the inhabitants for its food value, and its nesting places have been so persistently raided, that its numbers there have been sadly reduced of late years. While it is still fairly common on the east coast of Hudson Bay, especially to the northward, its present center of abundance is rather the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence—the so-called Canadian Labrador. Here, where it receives a measure of protection by law, and has a chance to breed undisturbed, one can get some idea of its former numbers and can study its interesting habits to some advantage.

This whole coast, from Seven Islands to Blanc Sablon, a distance of over four hundred miles, is extremely rough and irregular in outline, indented with bays, large and small, and fringed with islands, where innumerable sea birds are at home. At intervals there are quaint villages of neatly kept, white-painted cottages, inhabited by fisher folk, living the simple life and inured to hardship. The setting up of a number of bird sanctuaries along the coast, and their efficient patrol during the breeding season by Government agents, has tended to reduce greatly the depredations from local and outside sources, and the bird life of this region is again becoming famous as in the days of Audubon. I have already given some account of this coast in an earlier number of the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* (December, 1928). With its sheltered coves, rocky shores, and abundance of marine life it is an ideal coast for such a bird as the eider, whose particular requirements as to food and retirement during the breeding season are thus fully met.

The male eider in full breeding dress

is a handsome bird. His white upper parts, neck, and breast are strongly contrasted with the black of the under surface, top of the head, wings, and tail. There is also a prominent white spot on the flanks, while the back and sides of the head are shaded with a delicate green. Even when viewed against a background of floating ice, he is a conspicuous bird—far more so than the female in her modest dress of brown and dusky. From their winter quarters off the New England coast the eiders move northward in March or April, the males preceding by a few weeks. Upon the arrival of the females courtship begins, and the gentle love calls of the males may be heard far and wide over the waters. Flocks may still be seen offshore in certain favorite feeding grounds, diving for their usual food—small mussels and other mollusks—but the mated pairs generally keep together even under such circumstances. Presently the female betakes herself to the land to look for a suitable place in which to build her nest. She often selects a spot under the shelter of an evergreen tree or a small bush in order to gain some protection against the sharp eyes of predatory birds, but I have found many a nest out in the open, in some cases only a few feet away from a nest of the great black-backed gull—the ogre of the bird world in these parts. The ducks tend to cluster in communities, and I have repeatedly flushed a half dozen females from their nests in one small clump of stunted spruces.

Our habitat group shows the adult male in a resting pose on the rocks, a female settled on her nest, and a second female about to settle. Farther off are other mated pairs, and in the distance birds feeding in the water and a flock coming down to join them. The group represents an actual scene on Ste. Genevieve, one of the Mingan Islands, looking out toward another island of the group. It is a rough and rocky coast, with scattering spruces growing in the crevices and some alder and willow

bushes in the damp places. The male eider never intentionally comes near the nest, but leaves the entire responsibility to his mate. She collects a few leaves, dry grasses, twigs, and bits of moss in any suitable depression in the ground, and then plucks fine down from her breast for lining, to form a warm bed for the eggs. There is enough of it so that it can be pulled over the eggs, concealing them from sight when she leaves the nest. The eggs number from four to six, usually five; they require four weeks' incubation for hatching. The female at once leads her charges to the water, sometimes joining with others for mutual protection. It is late in the fall before the young attain their full growth and are ready to migrate with their elders.

In Iceland, where the European eider is strictly protected and semidomesticated, their nests are regularly robbed of the down, which becomes the eider down of commerce. This is highly prized for its warmth and extreme lightness, being used for pillows, quilts, and the like. Attempts have been made on this Continent to establish the industry, and thus insure the conservation of the eider here also, but thus far the movement has made but little headway. Yet it could be made as profitable a practice in the New World as in the Old.

For the purpose of securing specimens and materials for the group Gustave A. Link Jr., associate preparator of the Museum staff, traveled to the Canadian Labrador in 1927. From photographs and field sketches made on location he has been able to reproduce skillfully and realistically the natural habitat of the American eider. In the construction of the group he has been assisted by John E. Link. The scenic background has been ably painted by Ottmar F. von Fuehrer. The group has been made possible in part through the generous financial assistance of Leonard C. Sanford, of New Haven, Connecticut, and the late Honorable Richard S. Holt, of Beaver, Pennsylvania.

SOME NOTES ON MY LIFE

By ANDRÉ DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

[As has come to be expected, the award of the First Prize in the International has stirred up warring opinions. Contending critics—both professional and self-appointed—are equally loud in their praise or condemnation. Championed or maligned, however, the man behind the winning picture always calls forth our interest. With this in mind we are printing a self-sketch of the painter of "St. Tropez."]



I was born at St. Antoine on July 6, 1884, on an old estate belonging to my grandmother, and it was there that I spent the greater part of my youth. Through the park of the estate wound a picturesque stream—

the Yerres—shaded by weeping willows and alder bushes, from whose fringe wide meadows and fallow ground unrolled. Near by was an expanding farm surrounded by extensive and beautiful cultivated fields which bordered the forest of Sénart.

I firmly believe that impressions gained in childhood are particularly deep, and that we can trace influences throughout our lives to them. As for me, I am convinced that it was at Boussy that I learned to love the charming country of the Isle of France, its rivers, and the fascinating return of spring which enchanted my boyhood during my Easter holidays there. In the autumn, being an enthusiastic follower of the chase, I would stay in the field until late in the season.

As for my schooling, I studied without distinction at the Henry IV Lyceum, where I took my bachelor's degree, after which my family wished me to prepare for a military career at St. Cyr; but the slight regard that I had always entertained for mathematics and the competing fondness I had always had for drawing caused them to modify their desires. Upon my in-

sistence they finally decided to allow me to work under Luc Olivier Merson in his private studio where he taught his favorite pupils.

The year 1902 found me, with a student group, doing modish little drawings—each of us doing much the same subject with more or less perfection. I confess that I never could adapt myself to a method so lacking in variety and originality and that I have always held a dislike for the pseudo-Florentine style so much in favor in that academy. My persistence in drawing by the use of values and my determination to place a background in my sketches by my handling of light and shade so exasperated my master that he made me the butt of many an irony-coated jibe. After a brief time, observing that I was bent on doing as I believed and as I felt and that I had no intention of conforming to the artificial methods of his studio, Merson refused to correct me and asked me to quit his establishment. My comrades extended their sympathy and condolences, certain that a great calamity had befallen me.

But little shaken by this set-back, I sought out Jean Paul Laurens, in whom I found a more tolerant and independent mind; then to Prinert's, whose criticisms were very accurate and extremely illuminating; finally to Desvallières and Charles Guérin, whose type of teaching proved most interesting. Meanwhile I served my military term, through which I met my friend Bous-singault, with whom I struck up a very lively friendship as I did also with Luc Albert Moreau, whom I had known at Jean Paul Laurens' atelier.

About 1906, having given up art

schools, I rented a little studio with my friend Boussingault on the rue St. André des Arts, where I commenced to work independently and to paint still lifes, laboring for protracted periods on one canvas—sometimes as long as three and four months—in an effort to arrive at a true tone by the application of successive layers of color, all of which often led me into problems of excessive impasto. This use of impasto was never an end in itself; it was the result of an unsatisfied desire to more nearly approach the truth. I have preserved a still life from this epoch (1906-07) which testifies to this tedious research.

In 1908 I set out with Boussingault and Moreau for St. Tropez in Provence. It was there that I made my first landscapes which I sent to the Salon d'Automne in 1908, where I exhibited regularly thereafter until 1913, and at the Independents until 1914.

After a period of experimenting with brilliant color influenced by impressionism, I had a sharp reaction in 1909 and passed through a somber and rather inarticulate stage. In 1910, having become more the master of myself, I began to work on the Isle of France. At Villiers Adam that same summer I painted "The Drinkers" and the "Village." At Périgny, drawn once again to the borders of the Yverres by the recollections of my youth, I took to painting the banks of the stream.

It was at Villepreux, near Versailles, in a magnificent country still rich in seventeenth-century feeling, that I commenced to paint winter landscapes and plowed fields, passing my summers at Chaville on lands belonging to my family. It was there in 1914 that I painted "Breakfast on the Lawn." Early in 1914 I held a one-man exhibition at the Barbazanges, where except for the appreciative understanding of a few fellow artists and critics, I was received with indifference.

When the War took me by surprise on August 4, 1914, I was at St. Tropez. Hastily I rejoined my corps the next day at Fontainebleau, where I set out as a

sergeant in the 353d Infantry. I took part in the fighting around Nancy, at Troyon Fort, and in all the campaigns of the Bois le Prêtre during the following winter and spring. Transferred to the camouflage section where I was stationed for the next three years, I took part in the battle of the Somme, camouflaging artillery and observation posts of various units; then named second lieutenant, I commanded a section in the Third Army (Noyon).

During the War I had opportunity to execute a number of sketches, particularly while I was on camouflage duty. On arriving at the front in the middle of the day, we had to await the cover of darkness in order to proceed with our work on the artillery lookouts, and it was during these free hours that I had a chance to take notes and make rough drafts. Thus it happened that I was able to gather a great deal of authentic material which was later to serve me in illustrating Roland Dorgelès' war books.

After the War I returned to work at once in my studio on the rue Bonaparte and at Chaville, where I spent each summer from 1920 to 1926 and where I made all my studies of figures and of nudes as well as still lifes and landscapes. It was at Chaville that I painted "Springtime" in 1920; the studies for the nudes in "The Bathers" in the summers of 1922, 1923, and 1925; and "The Forest" in 1925. During the winter of 1921 I worked at St. Nom la Bretèche; in 1923 near Crécy in Brie. The winter of 1923-24, during my sojourn at Serbonne in the valley of the Morin, marks the date of my first etched landscapes.

Since the War I have done outdoor studies of figures and nudes, river scenes in great diversity, and two canvases entitled "Canoers on the Morin," the one interpreted in somber tones and the other in a silvered harmony. The winter of 1926 I spent at St. Tropez in a house which I shared with my friends Moreau and Villeboeuf; and there I painted an important series of Provençal winter landscapes, as well as

seascapes in a very majestic, classic, and beautiful panorama. There I also did a serious group of etchings of the port and the open fields. The winter of 1926-27 was taken up with more illustrating; the next spring at Joinville Bridge, where I sketched and painted every twist and turn in the Marne.

[Since 1926, at which point De Segonzac's autobiographical account ends, he has been increasing in importance to the present moment, when he has reached in painting the highest rank possible in his own country.

In 1929 he came to this land as the French member of the Jury of Award for the Carnegie Institute's International Exhibition, serving with Vivian Forbes from England, Wladyslaw Jarocki from Poland, and Charles Hopkinson, Leon Kroll, and Maurice Sterne from the United States. This was the year Felice Carena's large canvas called "The Studio" was given First Prize. Quite aside from his services on the Jury of Award, De Segonzac made an important place for himself in the hearts of those who so greatly appreciated his work in this country, a group led by such persons as Frank Crowninshield, Miss Lizzie Bliss, and Mrs. Percy Rockefeller, of New York.

In addition to his artistic importance, De Segonzac is a man of charm, modesty, and eclecticism, who possesses interest in all that passes about him and who takes the greatest possible joy in life. He is naturally a rover. A large portion of the year he spends in St. Tropez in the south of France, returning to Paris on unexpected trips to live for short periods in his amusing little studio on rue Bonaparte.]

A FOOTNOTE ON SARA TUBB

THERE has been no end to the comments about the subject of the painting, "Sara Tubb and the Heavenly Visitors." This canvas by Stanley Spencer is in the English section of the

International and received an award.

A painting should be its own justification and should need no word of explanation. The Jury took this view when they awarded it an Honorable Mention, since certainly no member of the Jury knew anything of the story connected with "Sara Tubb and the Heavenly Visitors." Their award was based on its technical merit as a painting.

The artist was evidently aware of the curiosity which the subject of the painting would arouse, for in advance of the coming of the picture to the Carnegie Institute, Mr. Spencer sent through Arnold Palmer, the representative of the Carnegie Institute in England, the following explanation:

"... in the village of Cookham many years ago lived an old, old lady called Sara Tubb, and I remember very well seeing her going in and out of the gate in the picture. I remember my father describing how when one evening the northern lights were clear and villagers wondered what it was, Grannie Tubb knelt down in her gate and prayed. I have shown her in a state of ecstasy—a sort of apotheosis of the old lady in the act of receiving heavenly visitors. She is surrounded and presented with emblems of what she is like and what she would love.

"The grocer on the left is sharing in the peaceful atmosphere that it is the intention of the picture to convey. On the right is a woman taking a post-card rack which she places daily outside her shop. One of the visitors is selecting a card from the rack to present to the old woman.

"I am aware that this is not a very satisfactory explanation and you might feel what Byron felt about Coleridge: '... explaining metaphysics to the nation; I wish he would explain his explanation.' But if I see an old lady in black kneeling in her gateway with texts lying round and greengrocers and shopkeepers adoring, I feel I must paint it because I like it very much and see it all very clearly."



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A Review of Paul Green's "The Field God"

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



OUR Little Theater closed its last season with a folk drama, "Distant Drums"; it opened the present season with another, "The Field God," by Paul Green.

Dramatic critics, notably Barrett Clarke, have

been preaching to us for years that the salvation of the American theater lies in the hands of these young—perennially young—folk dramatists—Paul Green, Lynn Riggs, Dan Totheroh, and the rest. The Theater Guild tried Mr. Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs" on us, and we had Mr. Totheroh's play at the Little Theater. This, I think, is our first opportunity to sample Mr. Green.

Although Paul Green's one-act plays have been popular with little and experimental theaters for a number of years now, and although his "In Abraham's Bosom" received the Pulitzer Prize and it and "The Field God" achieved Broadway productions, none of his work seems to have been sufficiently popular to justify the risk of taking a company on the road. So Pittsburgh has had to wait for this performance for a taste of Mr. Green's quality.

The author is, or was until lately, assistant professor of philosophy at the University of North Carolina, but he tells us himself that he "earned his living by labor in the fields . . . and, as a child, worked out of doors spring, summer, and fall, and went to school for a few months each winter." This intimate relation to the soil and the things

and people of the soil, this sympathy and feeling for the changing seasons is what gives Mr. Green's work its greatest value and its most characteristic flavor. He does not write as a literary man observing rustic life—his work has but little conscious literary style—but as a rustic himself happily made articulate. The things he makes his characters say and think, you feel he might say and think himself. He is one of the people of whom he writes; his ear is quick to catch the rough beauty of their speech, which is also his speech; he enjoys their comedy, their jests, and their songs as they enjoy them. It is this that makes his writings so refreshing.

He has a remarkable power of putting a living and distinct person before you by the simplest means. His characters remain credible as characters even when you find it hard to account for their actions. The first two acts of "The Field God" have as much flavor and charm as any play of country life that I know.

In the conduct of his plot and in the manipulation of his dramatic material Mr. Green is less successful. It is probable that he has little interest in the form of his plays. He tells us that before he had written his first play he had "read only one play and part of another: all of 'Hamlet' and part of 'Julius Caesar.'" "I haven't any dramatic technique" he admits elsewhere, "I merely tell the story episode by episode; it seems absurd to force a story into a definite mold."

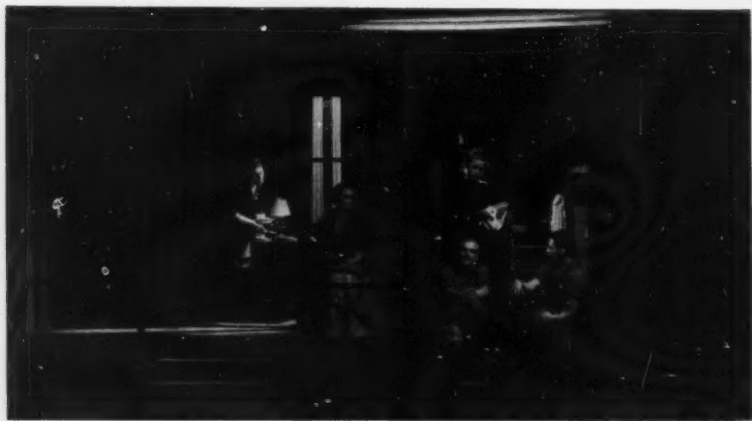
This is all very well if a play is intended only to be read. The reader can relish the qualities he likes, and need not be unduly worried by an overloaded and poorly managed plot. But the

spectator of an acted play cannot disregard the violent parts, especially when they are presented with the vigor with which they were in this present performance. All great dramatists have had a technique. It is far from being the most important part of their work and is never what makes their work great, but it is a necessary ingredient, and it does add to the enjoyment and understanding of the audience. The projection of mood and atmosphere, subtle characterization, and colorful dialogue are all rarer things and more difficult to achieve, but alone they do not make a play, at least not an actable play. "The Field God" need have lost none of its beauty and would have been far more effective if the author had made some attempt to "force the story into a definite mold."

The plot, as Robert Benchley said of the New York performance, is "a strange mixture of regulation rustic sex troubles and powerful macabre drama." It is the story of the farmer, Hardy Gilchrist, who refuses to conform to the brand of religion indulged in by the rest of the country community. The neighbors respect him for his honesty and are proud of him as a successful farmer, but resent his independence, and are a little disappointed that

Heaven has not visited him with affliction. He is married to an ailing and sanctimonious wife who is more worried than anyone else by his impiety. The misfortunes begin when Mrs. Gilchrist's niece comes from the city to live with the Gilchrists. Neill Sykes, a young farm hand, falls in love with her and cannot understand her unwillingness to marry him. On the hints of a malicious old drunkard, Jacob Alford, he realizes that she is in love with Hardy, and in a rage, accuses her before all the people. Mrs. Gilchrist sees her husband comforting the distressed Rhoda and promptly dies cursing them. A year later Gilchrist has married Rhoda. In a powerful and nightmare-like scene, Neill, old Alford, and his imbecile son Sion, all drunk, derisively welcome home the married couple to the sound of the banging of tin pans, the tooting of toy trumpets, and the clanging of the farm bell. Neill shoots himself and falls at Rhoda's feet. This very effective scene ends the third act.

The last act is so stuffed with misfortunes that a full account would be impossible in my allotted space—the land turns barren, the hogs die, Rhoda's health fails. The neighbors, headed by a stentorian fire-and-brimstone preacher, arrive to pray over the unlucky pair.



SCENE FROM "THE FIELD GOD"—STUDENT PLAYERS

Rhoda is temporarily converted and leaves her husband in company with a most mysterious character called Aunt Margaret. Hardy finally bows his head and is—apparently—converted too. Aunt Margaret, a sort of muddled *deus ex machina*, for no apparent reason leads Rhoda back to her husband. They are both unconverted and, with the author's approval, settle down to their own private brand of religion.

This is what happened as well as I could make out. But perhaps I am wrong. At any rate a great deal happened—far too much for the comfort of the audience. There is certainly no lack of invention in this last act, and it is not commonplace invention either. The episodes are finely imagined, but are too often carried out unskillfully. The motivation is vague; sometimes, at least to me, incomprehensible. You are never quite sure for whom the author is asking your sympathy. It would take a company composed of geniuses to make the conversion scene plausible.

And yet there are so many rare and lovely things in "The Field God." The opening scene, with its feeling of the quiet of a summer evening after the long labor in the fields, is as fine as anything in Synge. The desultory talk of the old women day laborers and Alford around the fire is full of flavor and tang. The characters of both Hardy and Neill are finely conceived and finely projected. Two thirds of the play is so good that perhaps the remaining third seems worse than it really is.

Chester Wallace directed "The Field God" with the sympathy and understanding that he always bestows on such a play. The "good man by his dim impulse driven" is very dear to Mr. Wallace's heart, and Hardy is very good and very hard-driven.

The performance was adequate, but there was perhaps more sobbing and shouting than necessary in the last act. In the cast which I happened to see, the actor of the part of Hardy Gilchrist was rather overweighted, as any young actor might excusably be, by

that difficult and inconsistent character. The part of Neill Sykes was excellently played—frank and gay and natural in the earlier scenes and pitifully distraught in the third act; Mag was played with an amusing dry humor; and Rhoda was pleasantly done.

Lloyd Weninger provided a convincing setting in his dooryard of the Gilchrist farm; and Miss Schrader's costumes had that unobtrusive, worn, and earthy look which is no easy thing to achieve, as anyone knows who has ever tried to dress a folk play.

THE INTERNATIONAL ON THE AIR

FOR the first time in the history of an International with the announcement of the prize awards was broadcast from station KDKA over the nation-wide NBC-WJZ network on October 19 from 6:00 to 6:30 P.M.

The broadcast was under the direction of Francis C. Healey, director of the Midtown Galleries in New York. The speakers included Samuel Harden Church, president of the Carnegie Institute, Harold Willis Dodds, president of Princeton University, and Homer Saint-Gaudens, director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute. Alexander J. Kostellow, winner of an Honorable Mention, and the art critics of the three Pittsburgh papers, Harvey Gaul, Douglas Naylor, and Penelope Redd Jones also took part.

The program was an innovation in that it was the first time that the prize awards of an art exhibit had been announced over a nation-wide network. The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for October containing a description of the International was offered to each listener who requested it. To date approximately nine hundred requests have been received from thirty-nine States and various points in Canada. Enthusiastic comments on the part of those listening in vouch for the interest of that portion of the public which is art-minded.



SHALL WE RE-CREATE OUR NATION?

WE have just been occupied with a book which can scarcely fail to disturb the serenity of quiet minds—"The Conquest of a Continent," by Madison Grant, now published with an approving foreword by Henry Fairfield Osborn. Mr. Grant makes a reasoned and impassioned plea for a Nordic and Protestant America. He deplores the fact that the English blood which flowed through the veins of the Colonial settlers of America has been corrupted by the emigration from Ireland and the Latin countries, and by the Hebrew hegira from the Near East. He admits that this pollution cannot now be corrected, the taint of other races having irreparably entered into the once pure and undefiled blood stream of his Anglo-Saxon ancestors; nor can the theologies of Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Knox, John Wesley, and Alexander Campbell be freed from the confusing dogmas of Moses and the early Christian fathers. But he believes that Uncle Sam can stop the inundation of alien blood and the penetration of ancient doctrine by erecting an immigration barrier which will be insurmountable to all but Nordic adventurers. And just here Dr. Osborn calls the ideal population to which this policy would restore us "a precious heritage which we should not impair or dilute."

When Mr. Grant has arrived at this point he comes face to face with the

Negro problem. It might well stagger any Nordic enthusiast. The Negro has already begun to infiltrate the white American, and as long as we have twelve million blacks in our population no immigration law can halt that dreadful impairment. But Mr. Grant would now call in the power of the law to stop miscegenation, forgetting a most recent example of the failure of law to control human conduct.

To sum up his serious argument, Mr. Grant would, by any severity that may be necessary, reconstruct an America which shall consist exclusively of an Anglo-Saxon white stock, wholly Protestant in its religious complexion. We believe that Mr. Grant and his distinguished sponsor, Dr. Osborn, have created a book which will meet with but little favor among the American people. Ideas of the kind they are presenting would seem at this moment to be much more at home in Germany than in the United States. It is certain that they can never flourish in America. Our nation is compounded of all the races of this world. We are indeed willing to go some distance with Mr. Grant and Dr. Osborn in defense of racial purity—that white blood shall not be mingled with black blood. But when that much is said, all is said. We have in mind now a man who was brought to this country from Czechoslovakia in childhood by Catholic parents who made himself a great educator and social philosopher. He reflected through his ancestry the mingling of

those strains of blood, of temperament, and of inheritance which have given to American life and character its courage, its initiative, and its quick adaptability to new conditions and circumstances. The next ship will perhaps bring to our shores some young man of equal promise from another country, another race, and another faith which Mr. Grant would cut off from his Nordic scheme and thereby rob our civilization of an acquisition that is worth a regiment of people who conform to the standards of this book.

OUR MERCENARY PATRIOTS

At the election in Pennsylvania on November 7 the people of that Commonwealth voted affirmatively, and apparently with but very little reflection, upon twelve propositions for amending the State constitution, for eleven of the amendments seem to have received a majority vote, and while some of the provisions were good, some of them were distinctly bad.

One of those which was most pernicious in its purpose was an amendment giving permission to the Legislature to appropriate \$50,000,000 to the men residing in Pennsylvania who had borne arms in any war from the Spanish-American conflict down to the World War, to be paid at the rate of \$125 for each man so concerned. The amendment was bitterly opposed by all those former soldiers who held true patriotism above abject greed, and yet the blanket ballot upon which the provision was printed was adopted with the other amendments because the hurry of casting the votes made a study of the specifications nearly impossible.

The demand of these irresponsible men for this gift of money out of a treasury which is already more than empty constitutes an unpardonable violation of the established ethics of citizenship. President Roosevelt in his address before the American Legion at Chicago laid down the rules which should govern the award of bonuses, or

pensions, in these explicit and incontrovertible terms:

The first principle, following inevitably from the obligation of citizens to bear arms, is that the government has a responsibility for and toward those who suffered injury or contracted disease while serving in its defense.

The second principle is that no person, because he wore a uniform, must thereafter be placed in a special class of beneficiaries over and above all other citizens. The fact of wearing a uniform does not mean that he can demand and receive from his government a benefit which no other citizen receives.

It does not mean that because a person served in the defense of his country, performed a basic obligation of citizenship, he should receive a pension from his government because of a disability incurred after his service had terminated and not connected with that service.

The appropriation of this enormous sum, which will be split into units so small that no individual will be substantially aided, is in its total amount so large that it will become a grave burden upon the whole citizenship of the State. The men who came out of these wars unwounded have no more claim to special financial awards than their fellow citizens who remained at home and by their energies kept the armies in the field supplied for action.

The American people should take such action now as will forever put an end to raids upon the treasury by men who misuse the significance of their service in war by their inadmissible demands for life pensions because of a short period of enlistment in the defense of their country. To that end the Editor of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE some time ago suggested the adoption of an amendment to the Federal Constitution which has met with much favor, and in effect is as follows:

No pension, bonus, or money allowance of any kind whatsoever shall be paid to any person for service in time of war beyond the per diem pay of his rank during his active service, no matter what his age or disability may be. Provided that this restriction shall not apply to persons wounded or otherwise disabled in the service—the words "disabled in the service" meaning that no sickness or disability developed after the close of hostilities shall make him eligible for pension allowance or hospital or medical treatment of any kind. And provided further that this restriction shall not

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apply against financial aid to the widows or minor children of persons killed in war.

In the meantime it is hoped that public opinion will be marshaled so effectively against this inexcusable raid that the Legislature will refuse to grant an appropriation which has no justification beyond the embattled power of the votes of the men who are putting their greed above the welfare of the people.

RADIO TALKS

[The fifth series on natural-science subjects, entitled "Nature—Past and Present," broadcast over WCAE every Monday evening at 6 o'clock under the auspices of the Section of Education of the Carnegie Museum.]

NOVEMBER

- 20—"Locomotion through the Ages," by Stanley T. Brooks, curator of Recent Invertebrates.
- 27—"Insect Life in Fall and Winter," by Samuel H. Williams, professor of Zoology, University of Pittsburgh.

DECEMBER

- 4—"What to Look for in the Winter Woods," by Edward H. Graham, assistant curator of Botany.
- 11—"Trees in Winter," by O. E. Jennings, curator of Botany.

FREE LECTURES

[Illustrated]
MUSEUM

NOVEMBER

- 19—"Czechoslovakia," by John George Bucher, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- 26—"My Life as an Indian Chief," by Walter McClintock, research fellow of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- 30—"Travels and Researches in Argentina," by Elmer S. Riggs, curator of paleontology, Field Museum, Chicago. 8:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

DECEMBER

- 3—"Amazon Twilight," by Earl Hanson, expert on terrestrial magnetism. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
- 10—"Canyons under and above the Earth," by Phillip Martindale, United States ranger. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON JUVENILE PROGRAMS

NOVEMBER TO APRIL

Specially selected motion pictures for children on nature, science, and travel are shown each Saturday at 2:15 P.M.

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